MENAGERIE

Lyons Township High School

2015 • Vol. 40



Along the Verge

Menagerie, ALONG THE VERGE

Volume 40, 2015

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MENAGERIE



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MISSION STATEMENT

Menagerie is the student-run literary and art magazine of Lyons Township High School. Our goal is to showcase and synthesize the works of our talented students in a professional publication. By honoring the writers and artists of our school, we hope to encourage their future work and inspire innovation in our student community.

In celebration of the 40th volume of Menagerie, we present a collection of past covers dating from 1975.



EDITORS' note

A man and a woman sit down to watch the first episode of the "Wheel of Fortune." The wheel is spinning and they are suspended in the moment, waiting to see what will happen next, how it will all play out. *Boom!* the USSR cries and *Boom!* the US responds with nuclear test after nuclear test. The post-WWII faith in government and the post-Watergate skepticism collide. Society slides along the verge of change. It is 1975, the birth year of *Menagerie*.

Menagerie was largely composed of articles in 1975. These articles depicted the changing times, whether they are technological advances, such as LT's new "high-tech" switchboard, or economic cycles, like in the story about the closing grocery store where writers asked, "What will this look like in 15 years?" Even 40 years later, Menagerie highlights the idea of transformation, tempered with the insistent tug of the past. The writing in this year's magazine is writing that is exciting, dynamic and controversial.

Experience the dialogue between the "daydreamer" and the "wanderer" in "The Gift of Repression." Soak in the anger that belies the pain in "That Chair" and focus on the in-between in "Crepuscular." Weigh the balance between the truth and facade in "Everything That Glitters." The verge becomes a lens to perceive the classic adolescent struggle to define self identity in the face of conflicting messages - from parents, from the media and from personal doubts. This magazine focuses not only on the chaos but also portrays being along the verge of understanding and confusion.

The idea of existing along the verge allows us to question the world around us, to weigh both sides of an issue and spend time stuck in the middle, without resolution. Everyone feels that pull to find the balance between contradicting dreams because there is no linear progression of events that can get us to exactly where we are or where we want to be. We are all confounded by those questions with no right or wrong answers.

Menagerie's staff has represented the border between routine and emotion through the construction of the magazine, incorporating angles and juxtaposition of size, simultaneously exposing the black and the white. Each page design contains an element along the verge of movement.

Consciously thinking along the verge creates discomfort that incentivizes people to ignore it or push it aside. While you read this year's magazine, don't be afraid to ask questions that don't have answers. Question everything. Pause for a moment and feel the tension that pulses around all life today in 2015, similar to what people felt in 1975. Find the bravery and confidence to take the next step and walk **along the verge**; welcome the lack of answers and accept a world full of uncertainty.

Sincerely,

Mary Claire Cox & Anika Ranginani

OFF THE BOOKS

Bethany Tomasian '15

You were sitting plain on a dusty shelf,
your spine crackled and frayed
your ribbon unspun and stained, yet,
I picked you up anyway.

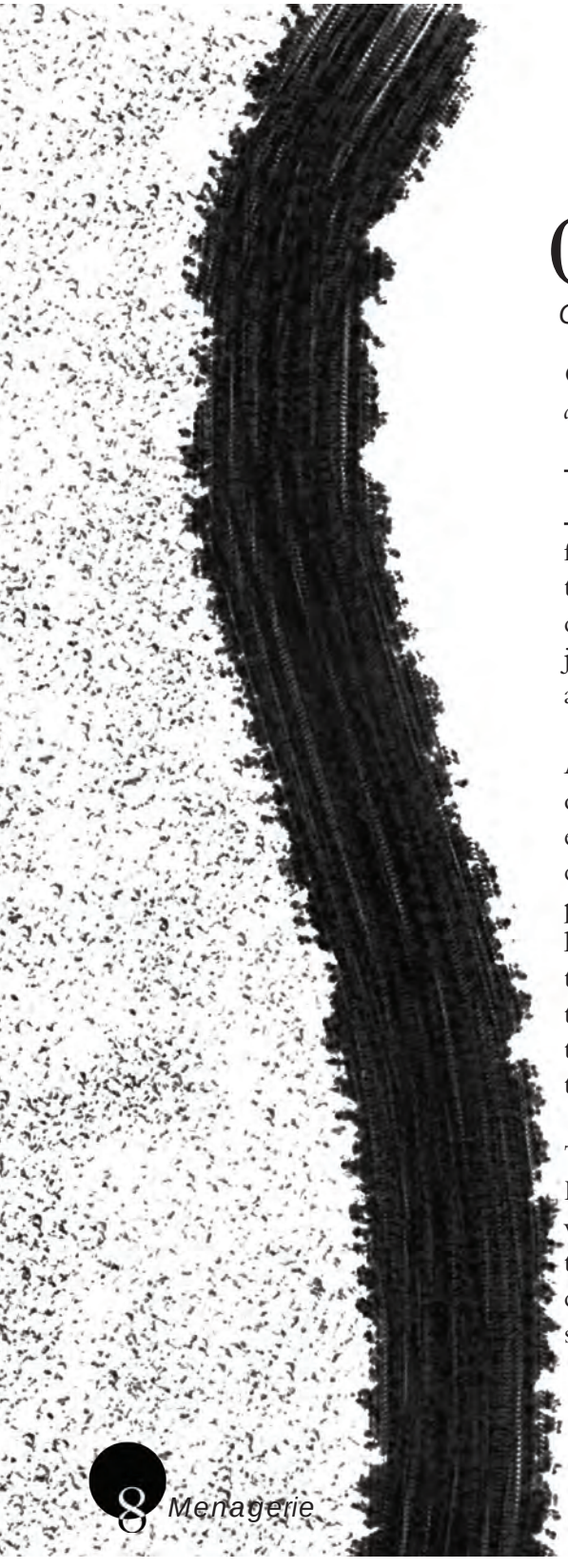
I didn't judge you by your drabby cover, your plain text, your mustard pages
and you had me at page one, and
your chapters left me on cliffhangers
until my fingertips would bleed from your sharpened lips,
until it was I who had become dog-eared by prune-y fingertips.

I began to memorize you down to the punctuation,
and you read slowly with languid predictability.
I realized you were only valued for your endless pedantic paragraphs of words
so thick and long and old,
but they drew me, caught in your threads like a fly in a spider web,
in your thoughtless twists to meanings that had no end.

I have to put you down but my hands are shackled to hold you to my nose
until my eyes trip over your lazy run-on sentences.
You are not the open book you claimed to be.
In between your lines there is nothing; you're impossible to read.
You are a chapter that needs to end.



Document • Digital • Annie Denten ‘15



CREPUSCULAR

Claire Quinlan '15

Crepuscular
adj. Referring to animals that are only active at twilight, when the light level is low

How fascinating to be crepuscular. To awaken when the sky fades and the midnight rises. To live in the shifts, the phase changes, from water to ice and from ice to vapor. To never know the mundane or the static, to never be alive with a restless feeling of sameness. Does the crepuscular get bored with the forever-changing light? Pray for a pause just so life's rhythm plods to a different beat, tired of the constant dying and rebirthing?

At twilight, while most people entrance themselves with the whirlwind of colors on the skyline, he is gently bearing those with finished existences into the cosmos, right under those same people's quivering chins. The crepuscular pushes the earth clockwise on its greased spool, pulling off human bodies and flailing creatures to float off into the space like wire sticking straight out from the coil. He dwindles the planet, the thread of complete lives spreading miles. The crepuscular's job is to push them away when the people of the earth are turned toward the beauty of the shifts, but he never stays awake during the brightness of summer or the darkness of winter to see the consequences of his efforts.

To think we even know he is there in the back-stage, the in-between. He never escapes the threshold to see the light of day. He feels the wonder and desolation of doing without the shell shock. To think that the crepuscular lives and dies would be in truth; to the crepuscular, the constant living and dying is the stagnancy of existence like the endless sun burning a small hole in the dragonfly's wing. A blink and it is gone.

Hailey • Silver Gelatin • Jessica Skonning ‘15



COLD COFFEE AND WARM PIZZA

Dirk Molek '16

Ermes' grizzly beard, knotted brown hair and white grease-stained undershirt reflect fuzzily on the scuffed steel of a coffee cup filled months ago. "What kind of idiot takes philosophy just because his girlfriend does?" the Thermos chides, "Then he still doesn't break up with her after she cheats on him five times?"

He screams in pain, waking the German Sheperds above him and the young children below. His thoughts are crowded with cries and howls as he chucks the container of Breyer's Triple Fudge ice cream a short distance across his apartment and slowly draws open up the blinds stained with some unidentifiable liquid. He hopes it's just water but the smell argues against his hopes. The light from a day shrouded in clouds illuminates a room that may or may not have a floor. It would be impossible to tell under pizza boxes, vacant bottles of Lablatt, and the butts from a million lonely cigarettes. Another snowy day, pockmarked with flurries fluttering as white confetti. He stares at the brown slushy street and a platoon of garbage trucks marching. He hoists the cup and flushes the month old brew. That smell brings him back to the day it was filled.

Penelope was carrying two weightless suitcases of clothes, taller than Ermes with a pouty frock and an unrequited love of muumuus that hung limply over her skinny hips like her flat black hair fled her scalp down to her nonexistent breasts. When she got into Harvard with him, Ermes took philosophy for his major so the two could be together, even though he wanted to be a businessman and this was the last route to get there. Now she was gone and all that is left is her stainless steel coffee mug and his degree that seemed more and more like hers everyday.

"Please stay." He was pining for her affection or mere attention. She didn't acknowledge his voice or presence other than a slump of the shoulders unabated by her two suitcases. She was a cold and fickle woman, yet he loved her. "I can get a job as a professor or an assistant in a college much better than Concordia." This was, of course, nonsense and they knew it. Ever since then his life had gone downhill.

Back in reality he refills the coffee cup with bleach to clean it. He can't help wondering about the taste. He turns to his black cat, Marx, returning through the cracked window after a night of tramping. How selfish would it be of Ermes to leave his cat forever, but Marx seems to get by without him. He decides today is his judgment day of the world. If it inspires him, he will depart. He zips up his jacket from Goodwill over his stained wife beater, puts on his holey jeans as he has not gone clothes shopping since Penelope left, steps into his nearly soleless boots and steps out the door.

He tries to fire up his most valuable property, a '98 Mercury. It turns over on the third try after he hits it to give it that extra motivation. The heater is off to conserve gas, but also because Ermes doesn't feel like he deserves warmth. The golden car creeps

out of his parking garage as the triangular prism on the top boasts "Pizza with a Smile" and some phone number he hasn't bothered to learn. He slowly navigates the snow and tries not to avoid a slide and the death or injury that it would entail. He passes Concordia and remembers Jeanne.

Most of his students were kids that were in class to get their rich parents off their asses but, were still hunched over their desks in class on their phones or whatever device they brought to occupy their time. Jeanne was attentive, with eyes that saw into Ermes' heart. One eye was blue as the sky of childhood summers and the other was as gray as the winter clouds are above him. He felt a sense of power as the man who was supposed to fill her head with whatever he desired. One could never tell the true color of her short hair because she never let her roots show. Every week it was a new color, generally a brown or blonde. If she was especially emotional it was an unorthodox blue. He remembers their first date; she had black hair with two brown streaks rushing down each side of her round face, cheeks rosy from the bite of the Montreal winter. The rest concealed by a fuzzy purple sweater and washed out blue jeans. The original plan was to help review one of her brilliant essays. They sat in his "office" (actually a converted closet) and talked for hours. They figured out many common interests, and if Ermes had never heard of them he was excited to try. As he did when the two went out for Thai food. Later that night he found himself in a sketchy motel off the island. He made some lame excuse to Penelope about getting really drunk and having to stay at a non-existent friend's.

Jeanne vacates his mind when he receives his pizzas. Taking them house-to-house, apartment-to-apartment, he sees people with friends or family taking their happiness for granted. He wonders what bleach tastes like.

"If I donate all my assets to charity wouldn't my life be able to save multiple lives by feeding hungry children." He thinks, "Do all of these rich people really need their large pizzas either?" He



Connor • Painting • Caitlin Bresnahan '15

realizes they can spare one night without triple the meat. He drives to Plamondon, one of the poorest areas of the city and stops at the homeless and hungry lying in the cold. He hands them each a pizza slice, kept warm by the sleeve held close to his heart. He smiles for the first time since Jeanne and Penelope left him. The men and women broken by their hardships smile back with an assortment of teeth. He meets a woman in a hijab shivering on the sidewalk. Behind her a child of about 5 or 6 picks through her bags looking for a toy. He hands her the keys with a small nod. She kisses him upon his forehead and enters the car with her pizzas. She and her child putter away. He also left her the pizza money in the car and whatever paper was left in his wallet for future gas and food. He strides back to his apartment with a new life.

He ascends the uninspected elevator to his apartment to begin searching for a new job. As he exits the elevator, a woman with long unkempt hair, frazzled from years of coloring, bumps into him. She turns around and yells his name as the elevator doors close. He opens his apartment door and sips from the chalice. He writes one final goodbye. "My life is gone now. Donate my things to the poor. Do not weep for me." The children and the dogs are silent as he dons his only suit and reclines in his La-Z-Boy while the pure snow flutters on his terrace outside, sweet pain dancing back and forth in his stomach.



Through the Night • Digital • Kamil Zeglen '17



HAIKU D'ETAT— A CONSCIOUS BREAK FROM CONVENTION

Mitchell Galgan '15

Brightest memory
Damned to a wet forest floor
The river sweeps on

the sun lilts about
his canvas and paints himself
on tiger lilies

"Abre a porta
E a janela e vem
Ver o sol nascer"

Dreams under the sun
built as high as mountains
that stab his kissed rays

Texture • Painting • Josie Carrabine '15

EMMA CLYDE

Cailin Briody '16

Charlie's best friend Max counted loudly as Charlie clung onto the monkey bars, his face resembling a tomato as he hung upside down. Max bet Charlie he couldn't hang upside down for five whole minutes and at first he refused, saying Max was being dumb, but once he started to cluck like a chicken, Charlie had no choice but to comply. He clutched his small legs tighter around the bar and pretended his palms weren't getting slipperier as Max counted to sixty and then back to one every minute, watching his camouflaged wristwatch as he timed him.

He felt his grip loosening and tried to distract himself to make the time go by faster. Looking out to the rest of the jungle-gym, Charlie saw his arch-nemesis, Andrew Baker, push over a second grader, laughing with his friends. He watched as Emma Clyde stopped her game of double-dutch and marched over to Andrew in her peach colored skirt.

Andrew was the meanest sixth grader at school who was too tall for his age and this fact alone intimidated kids, so surely Emma couldn't be that stupid as to talk to him; she was only a *fifth* grader. But there she was, a finger pointed in Andrew's direction and a scolding look on her face as she yelled. Charlie strained to listen in but he could only hear kids playing and Max spitting numbers in his face. He watched as Emma helped up the second grader and stood with him until Andrew apologized to the younger boy.

Charlie looked back to Emma and, not for the first time, felt his tummy start to twist. He was tempted to go to the nurse like he did last week when Emma smiled at him, but once he got there the unfamiliar feeling was gone and the nurse scolded him for wasting time. Charlie didn't understand. Why did he always feel sick whenever he looked at Emma? Max always said he thought she was a witch, but Max was convinced that all girls were weird and weak, so Charlie figured he was just sore about losing to a girl in a game of baseball. She *was* sort of on the weird side though, sometimes talking like she was *fifteen* and not nine. Maybe Max was right for once, and she put a spell on Charlie that made him want to upchuck and at the same time sit next to her in class and hold her hand whenever he saw her.

Max was shouting numbers in his face but he only faintly heard him. All he could see was Emma Clyde comforting the little boy, her brown hair in a French braid down her back blowing with the wind. Then suddenly everything was in slow motion as she looked at Charlie, as if she could sense he was watching her. Her pink lips pulled up in a smirk and her blue eyes shined as she winked at him. Charlie, red in the face from more than hanging upside down and shocked, lost his grip completely and before he knew it he was snapped out of his daze and spitting woodchips out of his mouth and groaning in pain. Max was screaming at him, claiming that *he had thirty seconds left* and *how could he do that do him,* but Charlie ignored him and stood up, looking for Emma but all that was left of her was a flash of her braided hair. He turned to Max and started apologizing to block out the thought that popped into his mind. The realization that girls—well, at least Emma—aren't so gross after all.





Big Blue • Ceramics • Madeline Turner '15

I REMEMBER

Caroline Garrow '17

It had been a burning, chalky day.
My palms were wet and salty,
as my hands formed two clenched fists.
Looming in the distance was the pain,
the place that would take my identity
in its cold talons and crush it.
I was alone.

I came to sit in a high, black padded chair.
The chair was like a padded room,
making me the mental patient.
A black cloak was fastened around my neck
to restrict my movement.

Only my head was left out, so that I could see
the massacre in the mirror.
The witch of a woman with the sharp knives
spoke with my mother,
never consulting me.

I squeezed my palms, and tried to keep back tears,
as my thin locks fell to the floor,
as I was stripped of my identity.



Rachel II • Painting • Colette Kocek ‘15

ROLY

Josh Althoff '15

I helped my neighbor catch his first bug. It was a beetle, one of those big ones about the size of a knuckle, and it was shiny. The shiny ones are the best.

We got a shoebox out of my basement and put some leaves in there. Bugs eat leaves. He added a twig so the beetle could exercise. It was perfect.

I love bugs, but he latched onto that beetle as soon as we lifted up the railroad tie. His hand was in there before I could point out all the worms. There were a bunch of worms, but beetles are cooler, much cooler.

I remember my first bug – it was a roly-poly, or as the scientists say, a pill bug. It curled up into a ball and wouldn't eat any leaves at all. But the beetle kept munching and clawing the box! It was so cool. But we had to decide on a name.

He wanted to name it Beet, but that's a stupid name. I told him that. I said its name was Hercules because Hercules was a beetle too.

I reminded him that it was my shoebox, and I could take it back if I wanted. He got sad but said Hercules was okay. I like naming bugs.

His mom came out – he had to go for dinner. He went to take the box, but I took it. It was my box. He got mad and said "Fine" and grabbed at Hercules. The twig leaned against the side of the box. I said he probably climbed out.

He got even sadder. I tried to make him smile. Losing your first bug is tough. When he cried his mom got mad at me. She told me to go home and to stay home. She said I should leave.

I pushed open the screen door to my house. The beetle was named Hercules for a reason. It had nearly pried out of my hand.

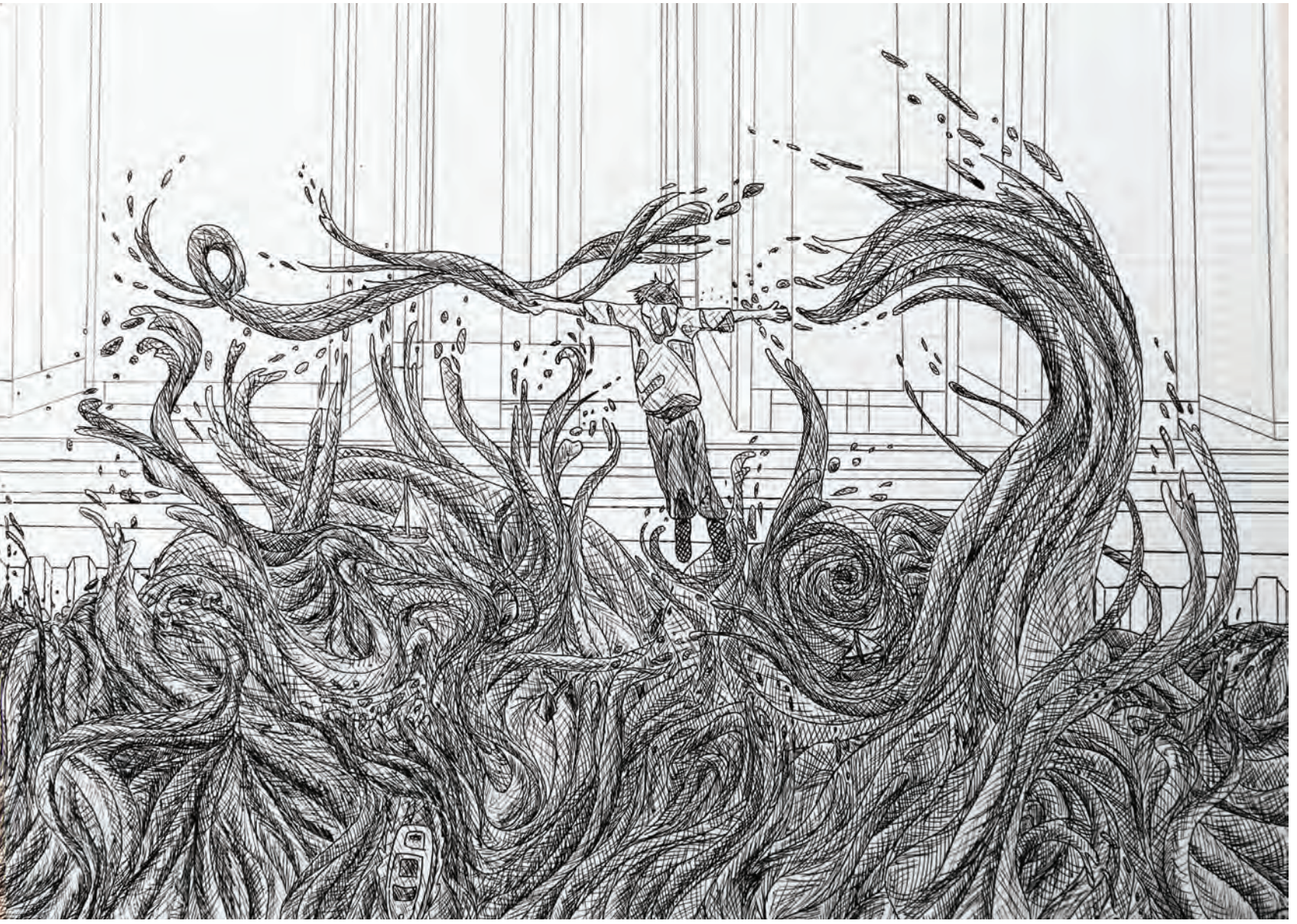
I went to my room. Hercules got to share a box with Roly. Roly had tried for days to get out of the box. He couldn't. He gave up and rolled up and didn't come out.

That night I dreamt that I was in a shoebox. The sides were steep. I couldn't climb up. But my neighbor was crawling up a twig that was leaned against the side. His mom leaned over the box. She was big. She glared down at me,"Stay." I couldn't get up the twig. It was too smooth.

I sometimes wish I was a pill-bug. Sometimes I think I already am.w



Frog • Digital • Kate Sheehan '17



Waves • Drawing • Graham Voetberg ‘17

INTRODUCTION TO BREATHING

Lainey Schiek '15
after Billy Collins

I ask you to flex your lungs
and let them fill
like water balloons

or gravel crumbling in a leather satchel.

I say drift into the decrescendo of exhales
and watch under bagged eyes as they harmonize dreamily,

or hold the pockets of air seam to seam
and feel your lips linger seconds apart.

I want you to let air skate
figure eights up and down your trachea
circling back for another lap,
your blades threading ice.

But all people want to do
is let their bagpipes play deaf,
and congeal every breath
into a kaleidoscope of greys.

EVERYTHING THAT GLITTERS

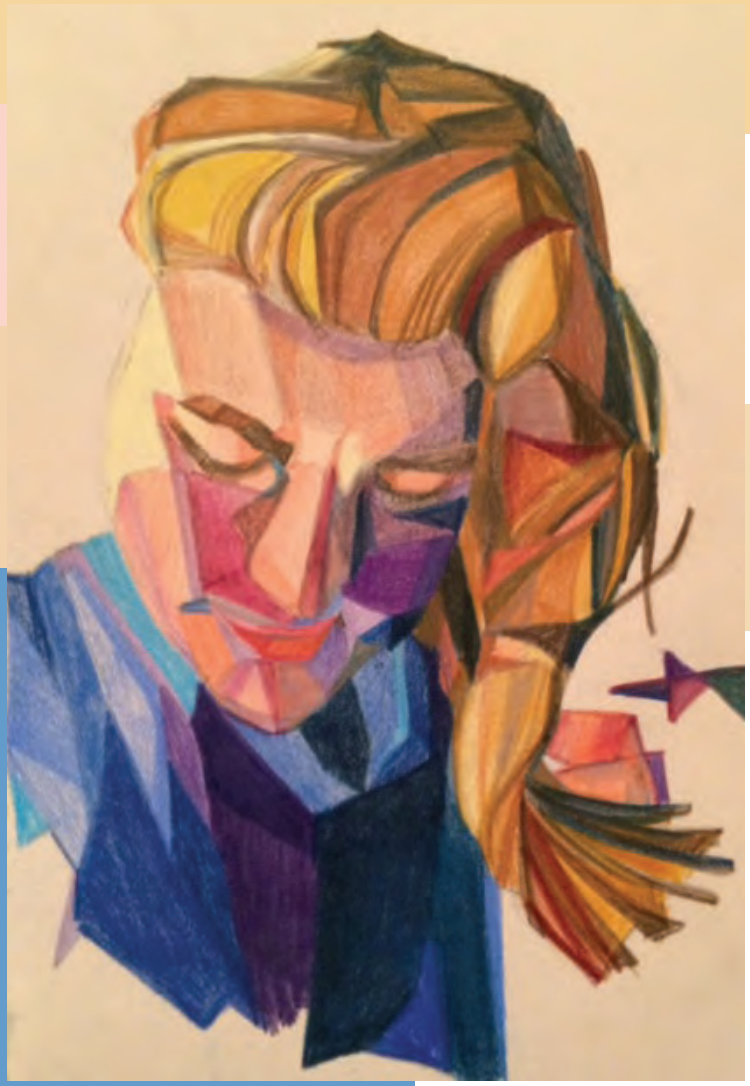
Paige Dore '15

The other night, as I walked with myself
under the streetlamps
and over the ice,
I saw that the snow glittered as it fell,
while the sky glowed mauve
beneath the dismal weight of winter clouds.

I caught myself thinking of that man
on the bus with the wilting gardenias, of the color
of the skin folded around his eyes,
a faultless match to this heavy January sky.

When I think of him, I think of graying hair
and tax returns, and like the mouse
with the cookie in that one book (you know the one),
my thoughts turn, inevitably, to the creases
forming already at the corners of my eyes.

Melodramatic and vain, I'm well aware,
but I haven't read that silly book
in a very long time.



Fragmented • Drawing • Molly Miklosz '15

Time is relative, but so is winter,
and while snow might not glitter,
it melts, and before that, it wilts
under heavy footfalls, and acquires
that defeated color found in cigarette ash
and dry, scaly skin.

By this point, I'm wondering
what the mouse does after he gets his cookie,
what ensues when the rat race runs out
of twists and turns
and the hand on the leftside wall
has no more exits to lead to.

It's why I don't like to think
of the man with the gardenias, and prefer,
instead, to focus my gaze on the fool's gold
glitter of this newborn snow.



Lucky • Printmaking • Emma Hirt '15



Rome Dome • Digital • Natalie Krause ‘16

2044

Sarah Valeika '18

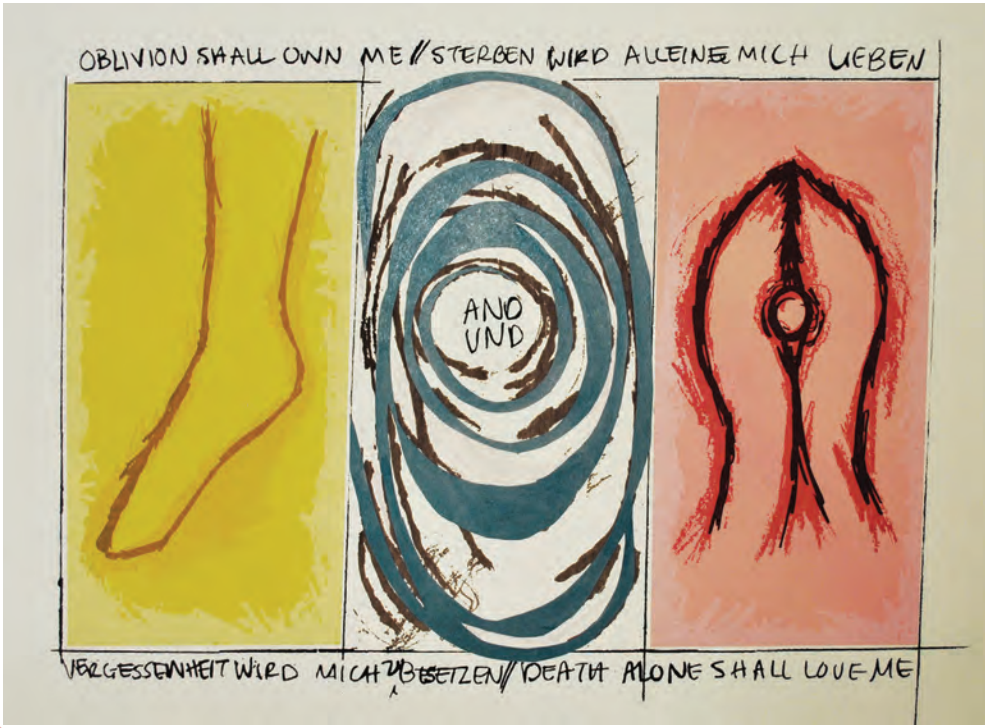
As a young adult of fourteen, I find it hardly likely that those whose political power elevates them into a supposed superiority over me shall take credence of the following intentions here elucidated, regarding my future political campaign, aimed for 2044. However, I shall proceed, notwithstanding the blatant disregard of the man who almost killed me with his ignorance this year (a political leader), he who almost killed me with his ignorance this week (his inefficient secretary who refused to respond to my inquiries as to their avaricious intentions), and he who almost killed me with his ignorance this very morning (a bus driver, a follower of the aforementioned political leader. Note: I am almost certain that he deliberately targeted me for wearing purple, the joint color of blue and red).

It has been brought to my attention that it is customary for candidates to put forth an ambiguous list of what they intend to alter in American society.

Concerning the deficit: So many opportunities present themselves here! Which deficit am I first to address? (I must here note that no politician thus far has actually ever disclosed which deficiency it is to which they are referring. My counsel informs me that it is generally understood, but I shall here stray from what you may predict.) With regards to a deficiency in job opportunities upon graduating from college, I intend to encourage all writers to pursue a career in crafting works in an attempt to resurrect the Golden Age of American Literature. (Practicality, my skeptical fellow citizens, is an amateur's attempt at creativity.) In emulating the (successful) Athenian emphasis upon creativity, science, and philosophy, this nation could significantly enrich its cultural understanding. With regards to our deficiency in self-reliance, I propose what many would condemn (had I the deficit of self-protection to inform most of it) as heresy: the limitation of the utilization of smartphones. (If this appears trivial to you, you are evidently not familiar with the ostracizing world of social media.) Permitted in times of urgency, I encourage their use; however, would we not be resurrecting the postal service, as well as countless libraries, bookstores and publishing companies finally called upon to produce their services for a public that cannot seek information from the internet on every occasion?

On the whole, I would prefer not to refer to our economic deficit and debts, if you please. Concerning education, always an element of the magnanimously ineffectual legislature: In my humble opinion, standardized testing, unrestrained by moderation and discretion, could evolve to become a deterrent to a well-rounded and informed assessment of a student's intellectual capabilities. I do not intend to eradicate this testing altogether but merely encourage its moderation, particularly regarding elementary school students. I also wish to establish the long-awaited system by which reflection and thought are encouraged, rather than memorization. Perhaps this is difficult for a teacher to assess, but is not school, on the whole, intended to teach, rather than simply be taught?

Concerning enemies: Oh dear. I now arrive to the greatest controversy, to our position as innocent bystanders or as valiant policemen-- one which has torn this nation further from truly being one nation, under God, indivisible. I do not propose that we send forth bombs to any nation. To those who believe that this suggests weakness, I apologize, but the inherent child in me is more alive than those in my elders-- I am no radical, but I must appeal not only to your sense of humanity, but to your



And Und • Printmaking • Rachel Saggau '15

understanding of logic. Every enemy that we fear is armed-- from the initial canons of our Revolution to the fateful atomic bomb of World War II. The atomic bomb did, indeed, conclude World War II for Japan, sparing millions of soldiers, did it not? Did it not also, however, establish a lingering fear of nuclear war? America, we have lived in fear of our own Frankenstein since that fateful moment. We, however, are not Mary Shelly - our Frankenstein is truly in existence, and his formula is exchanged throughout the world. Strategically, bombing is perhaps of some use, but have we not heard, since birth, that fighting fire with fire does not extinguish a flame? Exerting our power is one view of attack-- asserting our abilities and our freedoms, we protect democracy valiantly in countries that are not our own, and for this, I am grateful to those who have protected it. However, how do we influence our own democracy in proceeding here? Are we obliged to protect democracy elsewhere at the expense of the unity of our United States? If we are to remedy this ostensibly eternal conflict, we must not resort to temporary remedy, but rather, negotiation and the emphasis upon similarities between all people. My final word upon this subject to all people: revenge only fleetingly quenches the thirst for justice. (A lovely oration, and again, please do not formulate your opinions upon practicality. I would be much obliged to you for this.)

This, Reader, concludes the issues which I intend to first address.

Now, I individually ask our current Congress, is it in our power to release our rigidly guarded self-esteem for compromise? (This is not a rhetorical question, contrary to popular belief. I desire a response.) I ask, now, of those who read this: is one of my age capable of developing an understanding of the flaws in our political system? I suppose that it "all depends on what the meaning of the word 'is' is."







A Newfound Power • Animation Stills • Daniel Dinh ‘15

To watch the entire film scan the QR code

MAGNETIC EYELIDS

Mitchell Galgan '15

Pull my thoughts to a close
Where there blooms a wild rose
The freest fancy indwelt
A naked spirit is felt
Magnetic Eyelids



Attic • Drawing • Colette Kocek '15

SKATER

Dirk Molek '16

Dressed in black, her blonde braid
flowing from her cap, and her gloves colored like the sky,
palms open toward the world.
she parades on to the frozen canvas
and creates a path of loose curls.
Diving across the ice,
she quickly transitions back, her legs bend
and leap like a heron, taking flight
gloves lifting her up, as she turns in the air sharply
suspended in the breeze before return, arms open,
backing out of that second, fondly looking back
at who she had been, a moment before.



From the Side View • Silver Gelatin • Erin Suhajda '15

HUMANS ARE NATURALLY CURIOUS

Chloe Szot '15

Humans are naturally curious. Unfortunately, when it comes to certain situations, that curiosity can sometimes be confused with stupidity. If someone you didn't know played with your hair like it was their own, what would you do? I have dreadlocks. Well, I sort of have dreadlocks. They are called sisterlocks. They're twisted differently and are smaller than actual dreadlocks. They are very bouncy, very fun, and (if I do say so myself) very cute. Since everyone's hair is so different, people tend to ask questions about mine, which makes for some very funny, very true stories. It usually begins with a conversation that (obviously) has to do with hair.

Here is my favorite:

One day, my best friend Maureen and I were at an art fair when we stumbled upon this tent that was selling different types of massage tools. I liked one that was this weird head massager that looked like a claw. Jokingly, I picked it up and tried it on Maureen's head. The sales lady looked at Maureen, whose hair was in a braid said, "It doesn't work when you have your hair up." She then looked at me, raised an eyebrow, and said, "Or if you have a weave." My hair is natural and looks *nothing* like a weave. Has this lady ever seen a weave? I wanted to slap her. Fortunately, I get stuff like this all the time.

"Actually, it's not a weave. It's natural," I said. I remember when she widened her eyes in surprise like my hair was a spectacle she had never seen before.

"Wow, really? That's amazing!" What caught me off guard was when she stood on her tiptoes (she was much shorter than me) and *ran her fingers through my hair.* Now let's contemplate this situation for a moment: if a random stranger touched your head with fingers that have been who-knows-where, what would you do? I was too surprised to do anything, so I simply waited until she was done exploring my locks. Remember when I said curiosity can be confused with stupidity? What she says next will have you wondering the same thing.

"So, do you…wash it?"

Of course! Doesn't everyone wash their hair?

"I remember when she widened her eyes in surprise like my hair was a spectacle she had never seen before."

"And does it grow? Does it grow like that?"

She just asked me if my hair grows. Yes. Yes my hair grows.

"Do you brush it? Are they, like, braids?"

Actually I don't brush it. And no, they aren't braids. All of these questions are common, and all of these questions seem to make sense to everyone else but me. But, like I said before, all humans are curious, whether they want to admit it or not.



Gratitude • Drawing • Matthew Petrak '16

STOLEN TRAIN

Josh Althoff '15

I had lost my train of thought.
It was cobalt, 2" by 3/4', with silver axles, and
it was overtaken instantly by villains on horseback, or
perhaps it embraced its fluidity
and seeped right off its rails.

The police say I'm not alone-
that trains are stolen everyday, and
mine's one of thousands.
I imagine my perfect engine
at a scrapyard downtown
where trains are taken to be torn apart
and refashioned.

Its cobalt paint scraped off in blue chips,
its silver axles melted down into tin,
and the metal underneath polished,
made useful by someone else.

SUPERSIZED CONSUMPTION

Anika Ranginani '15

Grease
when she exhales,
it's the stale reek
of consumption.

She thinks—*the Africans have it worse* —
not realizing this is worse than the pulmonary tuberculosis kind,
stage IV's too late for making deals with Xi Jinping and pissing off the Republicans.
Higher, she gets higher, relying on intoxication to fill space, looking down upon others, but
too buzzed to know what she wants, carelessly swinging her Supersized Big Stick, ready to kill for
10 more minutes of battery life, for what use is bread without oil? And how can she pretend she is happy?
-
Stray spit spews out of her wide-open and greedy mouth as she smacks her thick lips, savoring her Beats,
Apples and Sperry's, so Juicy Couture that she forgets how in a corner of her too-large walk-in pantry
lies moldy Bread and wilted Roses—as lost as satisfaction—and yet she lacks the will to protest.
Full with food, she's hungry; surrounded by people, she's lonely; holding power, she's weak.
She's losing herself to consumption but bloodletting's no remedy, she's empty and
stage IV's too late for half-hearted budget cuts and so-called transparency.
Each year she has more and more but she is less and less
so that now all that's left is want and hunger
and the leftover husk of freedom
deep-fried in old grease.

How the burden
crushes her!
America, America!
America! America.

Inception Drawing • Drawing • Colette Stubitsch '17



I HATED HIGH SCHOOL

Josh Althoff '15

I hated high school so I stole
an elevator key
and tried to move up
without taking the stairs.

THE GIFT OF REPRESSION

Thomas Korenchan '15

Come here, you wanderer,
you dark world-roamer,
you, who treads on barren earth
and walks pitifully across
a wasteland of your own demise.

Come forward, fringe-dweller,
make your way to the tainted boundary
that you and I have sustained all these
frightful years and
sit, just sit.

Here we can talk, you and I,
yes, talk about anything,
about *walls*.
Look at it, this hideous image before us.
This separation, this
thing that we have created.

Let me tell you, monster,
you and I are much alike, our suffering
mutual, our fears
equal.

No, now let me tell you.

Listen here, you daydreamer,
you faith-giver, you life-taker,
Listen now to me,
the thing you have created.

This image before you is nothing more
than an unwelcome hand,
a false compromise, a
failed promise.

Listen here, you hypocrite,
you coward, you cheater, this
suffering you speak of, is mine
and mine alone.
I merely give it to you as a gift,
so you may know my suffering too.

But it is not mutual.
Do not tell me to sit when
you cannot even stand.
Go back to your castle on a hill,
and I shall return to my cave.

Until we meet again,
undoubtedly in your sacred hall,
know that I am in the dark places
where you shy away.
I am in the barren earth you tread,
the dim-lit world you roam,
the wasteland you
have created.

And do not speak to me of walls.

THE TURKEY

Annika Murrell '15

The air seemed to get colder in the frozen food aisle as Heather Wintermute, clicking in her boots, approached Jennifer in the frozen meat aisle. An unsettling pink frost hung to the sides of the tub that had once filled the plumpest Thanksgiving turkeys in the Tristate area. The day before Thanksgiving, only two remained, one a fat, tender looking bird, and the other decidedly less so. Jennifer, vice president of the PTO at Coolidge Elementary School, pulled her grey peacoat around herself and turned to face Heather with a plastic-surgery smile.

"Hiiiiiii! It's been so long!"

"Hiiiiiiii!" Heather squealed back. "Cozette, say hello to Mrs. Kozin."

Cozette, who was tucked into the cart amid organic sweet potatoes, gluten-free stuffing, and several sets of matching tableware, smiled through her two missing teeth.

"How's Lila doing?" Heather said, her eyes boring into Jennifer. "In school yet?"

"Not this year. She'll probably be ready next year."

"Aw, that's too bad. Is she in preschool? Cozette came home from Sunnyside yesterday talking all about echolocation that dolphins use.

"How…talented." Jennifer's eyes narrowed a bit as she turned to smile at Cozette. The three year old girl was clutching a book titled *How Many Ecosystems?* one of the edges had been chewed, although by baby or beast, Jennifer wasn't sure.

"So listen," said Heather, tucking a strand of dyed blonde hair behind her ear, "about the flyers?'

"The what?"

"The flyers, for the toy drive this year. Colleen talked to me, and something came up for her, so she can't make the flyers. Can we pawn off that responsibility on you? We need three hundred copied, and you know that if we don't jump on these parents we're not even going to collect a full box."

"Uh, yeah, I think I can help with that." Jennifer said, a little flustered.

"Super! Here's the flyer. All you have to do is copy it and drop it off at my house by Sunday afternoon." Heather reached into her bag and pulled out an orange flyer. Jennifer opened it up.

COME TO OUR THANKSGIVING LUNCH ON NOVEMBER 26 AT ELEVEN—

"Wait, wait, wait wait." Heather snapped her hand around the edge of the flyer and pulled it from Jennifer's grasp. "It's this one. Sorry. That's old. I need to get rid of that." Heather turned to Cozette and began readjusting the girl's pigtails. "If you can just copy that, okay? I gotta scoot. I'll see you later. Say bye-bye, Cozette."

"Bye-bye!" Cozette said cheerfully.

"Bye-bye, Cozette," said Jennifer, feeling a little as though she'd just sat on a bee. Her words were suddenly cut off by a loud shriek coming from the next aisle. Lila, two years older and about twenty pounds heavier than sweet little Cozette, came barreling around the corner. Her little stomach bulged out from her shirt, the pink cotton taunt against her belly button. Her pink light up sneakers looked as though they'd been dipped in mud and then set out to dry, and her pink glasses, which were designed specially like sports glasses, pressed against the bridge of her nose. As always, Lila clutched her grimy Tinkerbell doll by the neck.



Family • Printmaking • Lyrik Castro '16

"Mommy! Lila HAS to buy cookies!" Lila shoved a roll of Tollhouse cookie dough into Jennifer's hands.

"Not today, all right sweetheart?"

Lila began screaming. It was quiet at first, as it always was, but as her frustration built up, Lila began to sound like a tea kettle, her face became red. Jennifer saw it coming, but it barely even registered. All she could think about was the flyer that Heather had accidentally handed her, and what it said at the bottom—ALL KIDS WELCOME!

Her little Lila had stopped being invited to neighborhood parties once she became old enough to have an opinion. The neighbors had known about her autism when Lila turned two and still wasn't speaking, but as soon as she wasn't the pleasant, smiley baby in pink glasses, as soon as she could say "No" and "Lila want" and "Stop," the birthdays and block parties and neighborhood barbecues had just stopped. At first, Jennifer had been horribly hurt. Even Aidan, the little boy two blocks over who was confined to a wheelchair, was still invited to the parties. The mothers of the PTO had invited him to the annual Six Flags outing. He couldn't get out of his damn chair and he'd been invited before Lila. As time wore on, however, Jennifer began to notice the looks she got when chasing Lila down the street or calming her down in a grocery store.

"Lila, lila, honey, do you want to see the beautiful turkey we're eating for dinner on Thursday?"

Lila stopped screaming, as she always did when poultry was mentioned. "Forty-six million turkeys are slaughtered each year for Thanksgiving." Like many autistic children, Lila was very good at retaining certain information. Unfortunately, instead of liking horses or cloud patterns, Lila tracked the amount of meat consumed by Americans on holidays and year round. Not everyone was receptive.

"Lovely, dear." Jennifer reached into the bin, expecting to see the final decent turkey of the season where she'd left it just before Heather walked up but was surprised to find just ice and some reddish juice.

"Shit!" The pillaged freezer looked especially empty next to the bin of cornish game hens and one squashed—hello…

"Ta da!" Jennifer said a moment later, holding up a greying turkey that someone else must have tossed into the wrong bin, faking enthusiasm.

"Vaccination may be a good option for protecting flocks against some diseases. The vaccines available for turkeys are: Fowl Cholera, Turkey Pox, Avian Encephalomyelitis, and Newcastle Disease." Lila said nervously, making a face at the admittedly sick looking bird.

Lila hung off the side of the cart as Jennifer went looking for cheese to put on their baked poatoes that night, the fat-free whipped goat cheese spread for herself and Jim, and Kraft Singles for Lila, who refused to eat anything else.

"Lila has to buy cookies!" Lila bellowed suddenly.

"No." Jennifer said firmly. Lila leapt off the cart and threw herself on the ground, howling and blocking the entire front of the aisle.

"Lila, look at that turkey!" Jennifer said, pointing quickly at a turkey in another cart, hoping that it would distract Lila.

"Lila has to buy turkey." Lila said from the floor.

"It's a pretty turkey, isn't it?" Jennifer glanced at the cart, looking at the nice foods inside.

"Oh, look who it is! Cozette, say hi to Mrs. Kozin, and um—" Heather looked uncertainly at Lila, who had rolled over on her back and was chewing intently on Tinkerbell's hand. Cozette, in comparison, was neatly eating a sample of organic star-shaped fruit snacks from the sample table.

"Hi, Heather." Jennifer said, pointedly ignoring the look Heather was giving Lila, as if a fish were dying on the floor. "Lila and I were just looking at your turkey, right Lila?"

"Bumblefoot: manifests as a hard swelling of the center of the foot pad and/or bottom of toes, cracking and infection of the underside—"

"So, Heather," Jennifer cut off Lila quickly, "What was that invitation you handed to me earlier? The one about the Thanksgiving lunch? With all children welcome?"

Heather stared at Jennifer.

"It's nothing, really. Just some of the other women in the neighborhood thought it would be a fun little thing to do but almost everyone is out of town anyway."

"Lila's invitation must have gotten lost in the mail, huh? Good thing I bumped into you. Do you want us to bring a dessert for twenty or a side dish for ten?" Jennifer asked, staring evenly back.

"Well, I think Cozette and I forgot something in the next aisle." Heather said, retreating so quickly she left her cart behind. "Bye Jen. Don't forget I need those flyers by Sunday."

Lila was up now, leaning into Heather's cart to stroke the turkey. "Lila has to buy turkey." Jennifer looked at her daughter, running her fingers along the cold, slick plastic of the turkey, and thought about how many Turkeys were slaughtered each year. Brutally killed, just because someone wanted to show off for one night of the year, and of all the grey turkeys that nobody would willingly buy.

"You know what, Lila? Let's buy the turkey." Jennifer reached into the cart and put both hands on the turkey, cradling it like a baby as she slid it into her own cart and replaced it with the stupid cornish hen. Then she turned around, found the display of cookie dough, and put two rolls into the cart.

"Lila buy turkey."

MUSING ON MUSES

Saige Anderson '15

Without a muse,
I was an unfinished sentence,
a fragment
hideous to the pen,
my symphony of sadness
muffled on my fingertips.

I am now a published piece.
Each page sings
underneath my sober pen—
an alcoholic author.

My senses whisper,
"She can hear you,"
and I'm sure—
over every state border,
each flight to ignore her—
she can. After all, Distance
screams at Time, declaring
its mistakes can't rewind.

So I will greet my childhood
and visit my home.
Apologize to the residents
and take my throne.

A muse returned home.







Drama Queen • Silver Gelatin • Katie Hamor '15

HOLY NAME

Paige Dore '15

The sky here is dark brown,
carved of wood and studded
with the golden souls of saints.
Heaven is this cathedral,
religion is this pew,
faith is St. Francis, the writer, the learner,
my family name and spiritual pen pal.

The light here is tanned and old,
stained by coffee-breath prayers
and the sculpted arches of colored glass
that line the walls like holy sentries.

Seated in the ninth row from the back,
I run my hands over the smooth, weary wood,
trailing my fingers in the wake
of a thousand fingers
that trailed before me.

The silence is sanctified,
absolute and adamant,
but sweetened on some days
with sermons and wedding vows
and the polite, gushing exhalation
of a thousand churchgoers
breathing in time.

I wonder if our first beds were not
a mother's womb, but rather a small,
pillowed resting place hidden
amid the vows, nestled
between "I" and "do."

Empty today of parish and priest,
the cathedral seems to hold its breath.
It listens for the soft, unsure tread
of new feet finding an old home.



Cat Nap • Printmaking • Cori Hansen '15

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Paige Dore '15

On slow days, when my mind is weary, I drift, softly, through my thoughts as I would down a river of sweet-smelling honey. A gentle ache weighs down on my shoulders, my thighs, my neck; I lack the strength to free myself from my clinging captor, but I do not mind, and the stillness does not frighten me. I am relieved to observe the retreating shoreline, grateful for the reprieve from searchlights and overly-observant lifeguards. The noise surrounding me is muffled and soft, lazy and lethargic. It waxes in and out of focus, like the lapping of water against the smooth porcelain walls of a bathtub.

From within the downy recesses of my mind, there emerges a gentle murmur of sound, a quiet multitude of voices stumbling and overlapping each other. It resembles the charming babble of babies, a melodic and hypnotizing jumble that lures me towards a state of dreamlike wakefulness. Try as I might, I cannot make out the words being spoken; they are foreign to me, lacking articulation and hard consonants. The sounds I hear are made up of *ahs* and *doos*, *ms* and *lohs*, and they blend together seamlessly and randomly, at one moment an off tempo choir, at another, a single, massive swell.

There is warmth, too, small tendrils of heat that seep into the tunnels of my ears and the place where my neck disappears into my head. The sensation caresses my scalp and sends a flood of warmth down my spine, spreading out through the marrow of my bones until my feet tingle and my fingers weaken; the temptation to rest my head upon my desk is nearly irresistible.

The lethargy is rooted deep within me; I am a thoroughly lost cause. The babble is weakening as well, revealing holes within the swell, and the murmur grows fainter and fainter until it ceases altogether. Soon the period will end and the bell will ring, and I will be pulled rudely from the soft water. But for now my eyelids close and I sink, no longer floating, but resting comfortably on the sand and mud at the bottom of the stream.



Milk • Digital • Hailey Weller ‘15

AND AS ALWAYS THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT YOUR LOCAL JEWEL-OSCO

Brianna Wilson '15

Dear First Customer of My Shift,

It's 9am; I'm still asleep. My hair is wet and cries on to my sleeves, but what's crying more is my soul that weeps, "8 hours to go." I'm sorry if I'm not prepared and don't have a pen for you to sign your check. I'm also sorry that you aren't keeping up with today's fast paced world of debit cards.

Dear Mr. Born in '49,

Carding you was just a joke, but I bet it was *hella* nostalgic. You take an extremely long time to go through my line, and I always have to tell you two times how to do credit or debit and also if you want cash back or not, but it never bothers me - take your time. You're not the kind of older person who thinks they can say whatever they want because they did their time of fake niceness. It's green for credit. Have a good one.

Dear Mr. Espanol,

Every time you come through my line, it's a treat. I only took one year of Spanish but that's all it took for us to have the most basic conversations when you come through. "Tu collectione el stickors?" Spanglish on point. "Nosotros Somos. You know if you were in Spain it would be Vosotros. Don't ask me why we need to know that." I have never told you, but I think it's really sweet that you visit your mother every single Saturday in the Old-Folks home, and I hope that someday my relationship with my mom seems as good as yours. "Adios! Hasta Luego!"

Dear Mr. Man that Made Me Cry,

When you put your hand out to me to give me change and I saw that what I thought was a simple Sacagawea coin was actually what you said was your mom's first AA chip. And how even though your mother's gone, you keep her with you everywhere you go. She's even surrounded by the coins that you're using to buy her flowers and you go talk to her at her grave everyday. I can't wait until my Mom gets her first chip, but I never want to have to say goodbye to it or her.

Dear Kid with Fake ID,

Dude 1.) You go to my school and you look like a baby. Don't come through my line, I'm extremely against drinking. 2.) Amateur, if you're going to use a fake at least have your own and not use your buddy's that kinda "looks like you." But thank you for making me laugh.

Dear Man with the Good Job,

Every time you come in here you're dressed in fancy suits and buy all of our expensive stuff, and no lie, I definitely judge you because, well, you're rich and I'm broke. But the day you offered to pay for that old woman's groceries as your good deed of the day I gained so much respect for you, and I'm sorry she so rudely declined. But hey, you can pay for mine anytime.

Dear Mother with a Government Check,

Look, as long as you stay within the amount of money the government supplies for you on this check, I'll let you get whatever you want. I know what it's like to be your kid, and I feel for you. I'm not going to make your life harder than what it has to be because you got honey-wheat bread when the check says you can get 100% wheat rather than the 100% whole wheat. Sometimes the amount of coupons you use is overwhelming but I get it and I hope things get better for you soon.

Dear Last Person of the Day,

Yes, I'm a fast, slaphappy cashier because it's time for me to go home. You either see me when my face is red and my eyes are forced away from yours in stress and silence from a 9-5, or when I'm laughing aloud at jokes that I haven't even said to the bagger yet. Whichever way you happen to catch me, I'm sorry, because sometimes I forget to move your crushables when I send the milk down the line.

And as always, thank you for shopping at your local Jewel-Osco.

PERSPECTIVE

Emma Greifenkamp '15

Teenagers.
the word cuts, bleeds
stings like angry acid
spit from the mouths
of those who have long graduated from being nineteen
Well,
they're not completely wrong to hate us
we're fender-bending, heart-stealing,
shining diamonds in the rough gravel road of adolescence
pushing buttons and pulling strings until they snap
Or we're dark-blue,
bruised with the wounds of moodiness
slamming bedroom doors, leaving gusts of wind
and red-stained, scratched and clawed
scar-stripped feelings in our wake
screaming
chucking pillows and birthday gifts across the room
punching so that our hands disappear into thin drywall
until we're numb

Teenagers
sometimes the word
sweet with nostalgia and broken regret
slides out of their mouth gently, holds us close
makes us realize that who we are now:
unkempt, underslept, romance saturated
half loved, half hated highschoolers
awkwardly waiting to do more than this
might be something that we will miss when we are older

Teenagers
the word kaleidescopes itself into colors of disgust, regret, fondness
as it uncurls like smoke between our elder's lips.
So it's easy to say
that "they just don't understand, man"
but it's not quite that simple
maybe
the memory of who they used to be:
wild-hearted, just getting started, igniting fires, burning bright
snuck out the back door of their mind
in the middle of a summer's night







Brain Washed • Mixed Media • Annie Denten '15

DONALD AND GEORGE

Kate McTigue '15

Donald tries hard to make his office seem pleasant and slightly enjoyable, but it just ends up looking tired. The exhausted grey chairs with permanent butt marks fill the perimeter of the waiting room. These sad little chairs from the seventies sit sick people waiting for Donald to see them. Dog-eared Hasbro puzzle books fill an uneasy little bookcase in the corner of the room, the wood damaged from years of use and multiple floods. It's probably not the most practical location for an oncologist's office, but a couple months ago the hospital decided to stick Donald and his staff in the most depressing part of the building: the basement. As if the office itself is not already depressing enough.

The air of the office is as flat as the people that work there and seems to infect all of those who pass through. They come in with a sense of hope that exudes out of their mouths, but their hands fidget and spines shake and they wait. More is taken out of them than just blood for tests and when they escape, they look as though you could knock on their chest and the sound would echo throughout their bones and veins. You can try to talk to them, but only three words pulse through their minds - the only words that matter: "You have cancer." The building contrasts with the lively zoo right down the block. When Donald has had a bad day, he likes to go there and visit the feathers and scales exhibit.

Footsteps echo through the labyrinth of hallways as an old woman makes her way through the basement and into Donald's office. She wears a violet track suit that illuminates the room and gives the grey walls a hint of purple.

You can try to talk to them, but only three words pulse through their minds - the only words that matter: "You have cancer."

"If it's possible we have to keep this short, I have to meet my grandkids at the zoo in an hour," says the old woman as she bursts into the examination room and plops down on the patient table.

"No problem ma'am, I just need to look over your tests and give you an ultrasound," Donald says, reading over her file: Female, 67 years old, 5 foot 4 inches, asthmatic, complaints of pain in the middle of her abdomen.

Donald powers up the ultrasound unit and spreads the ultrasound goo over her stomach. Through the static of the machine, a thick black blob presents itself on his screen. It's impossible to miss the smooth yet expansive boundaries of the tumor right in the middle of her abdomen.

Donald tries so hard to make people feel better. In medical school, he thought that he would actually be able to help people which encouraged him to become a doctor in the first place. Yet later in life he began to realize that by the time people would bother to set up an appointment with him it was usually too late. If they had cancer, it would have already metastasized into their brain or spinal cord or what have you.



Open Heart Surgery • Mixed Media • Caroline Healy '15

"I'm so sorry ma'am," said Donald, "but you have pancreatic cancer. It is stage IV, so I am sorry to say it has moved to the surrounding organs and you don't have much more time. I can refer you for chemotherapy, but I'm not hopeful." The woman folds her hands in her lap and lets all of the air exhale out of her body. She doesn't say anything more about the zoo and fidgets with the zipper of her coat, suddenly chilled by the sterile room. She digs around in her pocket for a second, and pulls out a bright pink velcro wallet.

"Is it hereditary? Will it hurt them?" she asks, showing Donald the 2x3 photos of her smiling grandchildren sitting in a freshly raked pile of bright red leaves.

"Yes, there is a chance but not very big," Donald said, "make sure your children and your grandchildren get checkups often."

"Dammit," she says, trying to brush it off, "I was never good at those." She gets up and leaves her air in the room as she shuffles lifelessly out of the office.

The most that Donald could do was make their visit to the barren basement as pleasant as possible, but he was even failing at that. His wife Jill used to bring by flowers every week to try to get rid of the musty smell of the place. When she visited, the office seemed a lot brighter and was enveloped in a monsoon of sunshine. She tried with all of her might to make the office presentable, but after years of buying flowers only to watch them die a stale death, she gave up.

As the years progressed, Donald became friends with the cancer. He fought it for the sake of the patients, but internally he came to accept it. He admired the tenacious malignant tumors, how they simply wouldn't let go of flesh and bone. Every cancer, every tumor had a different personality to him. Spine cancer was sneaky. Bone cancer was hungry. Brain cancer was demanding. Pancreatic cancer was sociopathic. He

"Spine cancer was sneaky. Bone cancer was hungry. Brain cancer was demanding. pancreatic cancer was sociopathic."

learned that taking the easy way out of most things was, well, easier, and he learned to give into the cancer's demands. Most patients wanted to die in seemingly good shape anyway, to keep up with appearances.

Donald never really thinks of the families of his patients. He is only familiar with his patients and their cancer, not the mental strain of the families. When the woman showed Donald the pictures of her grandchildren, it stirred an awakening in him that not only is cancer strong in one patient, but it will be there in their children. It will be present at births, at weddings, and at funerals. It really took him out of the perspective of his little basement office where he likes to sit in the dark, all alone. Donald packs up his brown-bagged lunch and decides to try to make himself feel better with a well-deserved trip to the zoo. Walking down the sidewalk past the monkeys and the elephants, he sees every human body doing what it's supposed to do. Muscle groups work together better than the children playing with marbles in the jungle gym. The zoo

reminds Donald that there is vibrant life outside of his office. There's the orange and black tigers that growl and purr over a spectrum of emotions. There are the yellow, red, orange, blue, and green toucans that sit in cages silently.

But Donald's favorite exhibit in the zoo is the amphibian and reptile building in the heart of the zoo. It's a small square room, much like Donald's office, but the walls are painted a jungle green with vines and lights all over. Donald has never really bothered to travel to any exotic places like Florida or Texas to see for himself, but he'd rather sit on a bench in front of a turtle cage and imagine what it would be like to really leave his office.

Donald has taken a liking to a certain turtle in particular and has named him George. Donald likes George because he doesn't say anything. They usually just sit there together for hours, Donald eating his lunch and George just sitting there, immutable. George's habitat with walls of bright purple stands out amongst the green jungle in its glass cage. Donald usually has to spend a couple minutes looking for the camouflaged turtle amongst the wood chips and logs, but today George is sitting dead center in the cage. If turtles could have

"If turtles could have facial expressions, George's would read 'pain.'"

facial expressions, George's would read 'pain.' His turtle eyes squint under the fluorescent lights mimicking sunlight and he can't seem to walk right. He tries to crawl closer to the glass but when he tries to move the right side of his body, George's right legs collapse and he falls. Donald recognizes that something must be wrong and stands up and presses his face to the glass. After his breath stops fogging up the glass, for a moment, Donald and George make eye contact and Donald sees this poor sick turtle as one of his patients.

He unscrews the top of the glass cage but can only get it open far enough to shove his hand through. Inch by inch he pushes his wrist and then his entire forearm into the cage. His fingers wrap around the turtle like one would a cheeseburger, and Donald tries harder than he's ever tried before to hold onto George. He's almost out, but his hand won't fit back through with the turtle. Donald yanks his hand out between the slit in the glass, turtle and all. The glass shatters and alarms cut the meditative sound of the jungle. Donald tries his best to put George comfortably in his brown bag lunch as he sprints out of the exhibit past the tigers, past the toucans, past the monkeys and elephants, and into the parking lot and drives away. When he gets back to his office, Donald sets George down on the table like he would any other patient, and begins to examine his little friend. He learns two things from the turtle: George is actually a girl, and she has a lump over her pancreas.

THE DANCE OF THE FISHER-GIRL

Bridget Egan '18

I stepped into the boat just now to fetch the life jackets and towels, the jackets sitting atop the towels and the snacks there, too, waiting to be eaten. This is a small and cozy boat, full of memories and relics from the past, fishing rods and bait stored carefully inside the cooler, but as I sit on the bench, the boat fills with the hands of men who came before me, hooking a fish, reeling it in, measuring it, sizing up their catch with passion and intensity I could never quite understand. It's an instinct of the fingertips after years of fishing to feel the tug as a fish nibbles on the bait. Sitting here, I see the northern pike sliding out of their hands and back into the lake, hear the splashing water, smell the fish slime remaining on their hands. I see the northern lurk on the surface, eyeing our boat before it darts away, head diving, swimming into the liquid blackness, searching for a cooler place, a hideout.

Shifting my gaze, I see the cooler opening, hands searching for earthworms, wax worms, leeches, and minnows to be baited, and best of all is the casting of the rod: *click, click, whoosh, plop, click, click, whoosh, plop. Click, click* (the cock of the bail), *whoosh* (the line zipping away from the boat), *plop* (the subtle noise of the hook hitting the water, sinking deep in hopes of finding fish). Internalizing the rhythm, they move seamlessly.

It's the dance of the fishermen:
to open the cooler
grab the bait, hook it,
complete instinct and skill,
pull the line, cock the bail,
and cast the rod into the dark water.
The fish lurks in the deep,
and the fishermen wait on their prey.
Sensitive fingers, patient, hopeful,
alert, excited,
feeling a tug of the line
reeling in their dinner
from the same battered boat.

It's a practice, a custom, a battle between man and fish that rises up in this boat, a long way from those men in hats who years ago taught the rules of fishing to me, the cadet, the pupil, the fisher-girl: *Look around you before swinging that hook everywhere! Cock the bail before you cast or you'll never get your hook in the water. Reel in with a purpose or those fish will rob you of your bait. Rinse your hands in the lake to get them clean.*

So I wash my hands in the lake when they get dirty, but the dirt doesn't come off, and the smell of fish follows me back home and to locations where fish are plentiful, leaping above gentle waves: Alaska, the Boundary Waters, Ontario. I travel with my boat to lakes of different backgrounds and history, returning home with mounds of fresh fish, and even, now and then, I catch a sizable walleye to fry and season, bringing the lake into my home, the lake of my upbringing, the deep and dark depths of my ancestors, flowing, crashing, carrying my boat down from the waves of my people.





I Love Fishing • Metals • Jack Sheehan '17



Comic • Digital • Nick Leal ‘15

THE SECRET SOCIETY OF WEIRD KIDS

Laura McAllister '16

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to learn the Macarena, Tabitha thought, stroking her temples with two pink rubber spatulas; she had bought them earlier that day on clearance at Target and was feeling rather like a rocket scientist herself.

Gavin, on the other hand, was far from it. His feet fumbled across the linoleum as though they were connected to a convulsing elephant rather than a freshman. Nonetheless, he shot a smile to Tabitha, the same shade of white as his skin that never saw the sun. Parts of his expression were lost under flat bangs that desperately needed trimming.

There was a sharp knock at the door, then three more in the club's secret pattern. Hesitant, Tabitha made her way over to the entryway and, using a spatula, lifted the piece of tissue paper that covered the window.

On the other side of the glass stood a girl Tabitha didn't recognize. The girl's dark hair fell in ropes across her face; her blue tee-shirt had some logo, half worn off and unrecognizable on the pilled fabric. She waved her hand, keeping it close to her body in a stiff greeting. Tabitha rolled her eyes, opening the door just a crack.

"Password?" Tabitha asked in a flat tone. The other girl looked confused, so she clarified. "What makes you weird?"

"Oh right. Duh." The other girl lifted her hair from her forehead to expose a jagged lightning scar. "I carved it into my forehead when I was eleven. My birthday had just passed, and my letter was nowhere to be seen, and, you know, desperate times call for desperate measures." The girl giggled. "My name is Hannah, by the way."

Tabitha sighed, looking dejectedly at the toes of her Converse, then jerked her thumb backwards. "Welcome to the club."

With a look of awe across her face, Hannah strolled past Tabitha into the band room. Most of the instruments were in shadow; only a single ceiling light was on at this hour, casting a pale yellow across a handful of students who sat in a corner. They discussed something in hushed voices, not because it was a secret but because it felt like a secret that way.

"Guys, this is Hannah." Tabitha muttered, shuffling across the room behind the other girl.

"Hi, Hannah," the rest of the group chimed back, rising to absorb Hannah with smiles and handshakes. Beaming, she began a recount of the story of the lightning scar.

"It seems like she fits right in." It was Gavin's voice in Tabitha's ear. She jolted as his breath tickled her skin.

"Good grief, Gavin, stop doing that!" she scolded through her teeth. "You know it scares me."

He continued as though she hadn't said anything. "She seems nice. Maybe you should try, oh, I don't know. Being nice to her."

"Gavin!" she whined, though she knew he was right. "I'm fine."

"Come on, Tabitha," Gavin sighed. "You and I both know that you need more friends."

The corner of Tabitha's mouth turned up in a smirk, and she swatted Gavin playfully with a



3 Faces • Mixed Media • Samantha Conrad '15

spatula. "Gavin. I'm plenty nice. I even let her in the door without question."

"You're not even nice to *me* all of the time," he retaliated, "and I'm the best friend you've got."

"Don't remind me," she joked.

"You're doing it again!" he said, the words distorted by laughter. "Come on, let's make some friends." He wrapped his fingers around her wrist and tugged her over to the crowd. Reluctant, she shifted her feet to stay next to him.

"Hannah brought cupcakes!" There was an excited chatter all around as the new girl, the life of the party, pulled the pastry in question from her messenger bag. Tabitha noticed with a wry smile that, because the box had been positioned sideways, many of the cupcakes were pushed up against the clear plastic, smearing blue frosting.

"I got the blue ones because they reminded me of the Internet," Hannah announced, pouring enthusiasm out her eyeballs. "It seemed appropriate."

There was a murmur of agreement as everyone rushed to grab some sugar. By the time Tabitha and Gavin made their way over, all of the pristine cupcakes had been taken, and the only ones remaining were missing patches of frosting. Tabitha looked down at the selection with dismay, then lunged at the blue coating on the lid of the box, scooping up chunks with a spatula.

"Thanks for bringing the cupcakes, Hannah," Gavin said warmly, partly because he was innately friendly and partly because he was trying to cover for his companion. "We don't usually have snacks. It's nice, for a change."

"Oh yeah, of course," Hannah beamed, eyeing Tabitha. She turned her attention to the other girl. "Are you going to have a cupcake?" she asked.

Tabitha shook her head. "Only the icky ones are left."

Hannah smiled broadly, a gleam in her eye. "That's what other people say about us, isn't it? I mean, we're just the icky ones. The rejects." She motioned out to the group. "But we're still okay. Just because we're not the prettiest bunch doesn't mean we're no good to eat."

"You haven't been here very long," Tabitha replied meekly, a knot forming in the lowest pits of

her stomach. "How do you know about that?"

Hannah shrugged. "I haven't been here, in the secret society, very long, but I've been *here* all my life." Her smile weakened. "I knew this was a place where I could belong. That's why I came."

Tabitha couldn't help but grin as the knot untied itself and dissolved. Like Hannah's, her password had been a scar: a very different kind of scar. She took the spatula that she hadn't already licked clean of frosting and presented it to Hannah in a pink blur. "Take it," she said.

"What for?"

"So you can eat the frosting off the lid," Tabitha explained. After some deliberation, she continued, "But also because you're a rocket scientist."

Hannah blushed, then covered her warm cheeks with her hands. "People don't say nice things to me that often," she murmured.

"They don't say nice things to me, either," Tabitha replied.

Gavin cleared his throat.

"Well, people other than Gavin don't say nice things to me very often," she corrected herself. "You really do fit in here."

Gavin cleared his throat again. "Now, what were we doing before Hannah showed up?"

"Teaching everyone how to do the Macarena," Tabitha answered.

"Okay, I know I just *literally* walked into a Secret Society of Weird Kids," Hannah laughed, "But, seriously, who doesn't know the Macarena?"

"You'd be surprised," Tabitha answered.

Gavin shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Whatcha gonna do?"



Collette and Me • Painting • Emma Hirt '15

FOR USE ON A DARKER DAY

Clare Mikulski '15

She looked at the words, and it was the first thing she'd written in the little green book on her bedside table that she actually believed: *It's nights like these that make me believe things are going to be okay*. There was just something about the light that had shone into her car as she drove over 294. There was the strangest hope in the dirty snow on the side of the road, the dryness in her throat, and in the tinny strains of a Bruce Springsteen song that played over the radio. Her tongue had been probing the raw spot on the inside of her cheek that she had bit down on during her stats test two days prior, and she had been rolling over a million different things in the mouth of her mind. But when that yellowy light had filled her rearview mirrors and illuminated the dusty interior of her parent's Ford, the twist in her chest that had been pulled tighter and tighter as the weeks wore on suddenly relaxed, loosened, and she felt a clear, cool calm filling her lungs, stretching her diaphragm. Suddenly, she wasn't worrying about emails to college counselors or the heart-eyes back-and-forth between her and a shy friend-of-a-friend that had dragged on for two months too long. Her father's profile came to her mind. He was leaning towards the television, watching Notre Dame tie up a football game with five minutes left in the fourth quarter. He was silhouetted against the sunshine of a late Saturday afternoon, and his voice in her head said *The game's been blown wide open.* Without a moment's notice, the possibilities of her future had expanded before her mind's eye in such a beautiful and startling way that her senses were filled with the infinity of it all. Infinity had a taste, and it was sweet, and it was golden with light and color. That dingy highway glow had kindled a new image of her future, one that was filled with art and music and love and peace, and she knew how naive these words would look scratched in the pages of a diary, so she folded them up, and gently tucked them into the back corner of her mind, labeling them "For Use On A Darker Day." As she flipped the soft cover of her journal closed, she smiled.

Fright • Printmaking • Caitlin Bresnahan ‘15





Disparate Youth • Digital • Julia Dean '17

A PERSONAL PREFERENCE FOR PROCRASTINATION

Andrea Simms '16

i heard,
i know, and
it must be done. but,

just push it under
the bed
until
the bed breaks.
just push it into the back
of your mind
until
your head hurts.

the more dominos
you line up,
the better.

i'm creating my magnum opus.

perhaps you should tidy up
your mind.
but me, i live for the explosion.

IN MANY-PETALED FLOWERS

Anna Westegaard '18

In many-petaled flowers
in black sand glass
each piece is a knot
each a pointillated stroke
a stich to pull close
the parts,
close gaps until
it's whole.
And although alone gears are
useless and
unimpressive
together they made
the marvels of the nineteenth century
and so the lonely stars form galaxies;
so the rain fills seas.
Just as any infinity
you are thousands, millions,
of realities
built on the backs of
your memories,
of yourself
and you are beautiful,
just as the skies above
are composite,
cohesive.



Hands Drawing • Mixed Media • Emma Hirt '15

DISQUIETING

Claire Quinlan '15

A murky gurgle waited,
horridly dramatic & pressed colorless.
Constant screams squeezed free.

A shriveled darkness is problematic;
spread evenly, it reveals leaks & spots.
Wrinkled stress pummels a Sawyer soul.

A melted hazel eye is breathless,
ruined by wilted green blossoms & blonde blinks.
Myelin analytically choking on graphite.

Intellect is bloodshot & unprepared;
pressure is a tool for ruin.
It drips, infuriatingly, eroding words.



War Scream • Mixed Media • *Chloe Wesley '15*

BITTERSWEET

Abby Cundiff '17

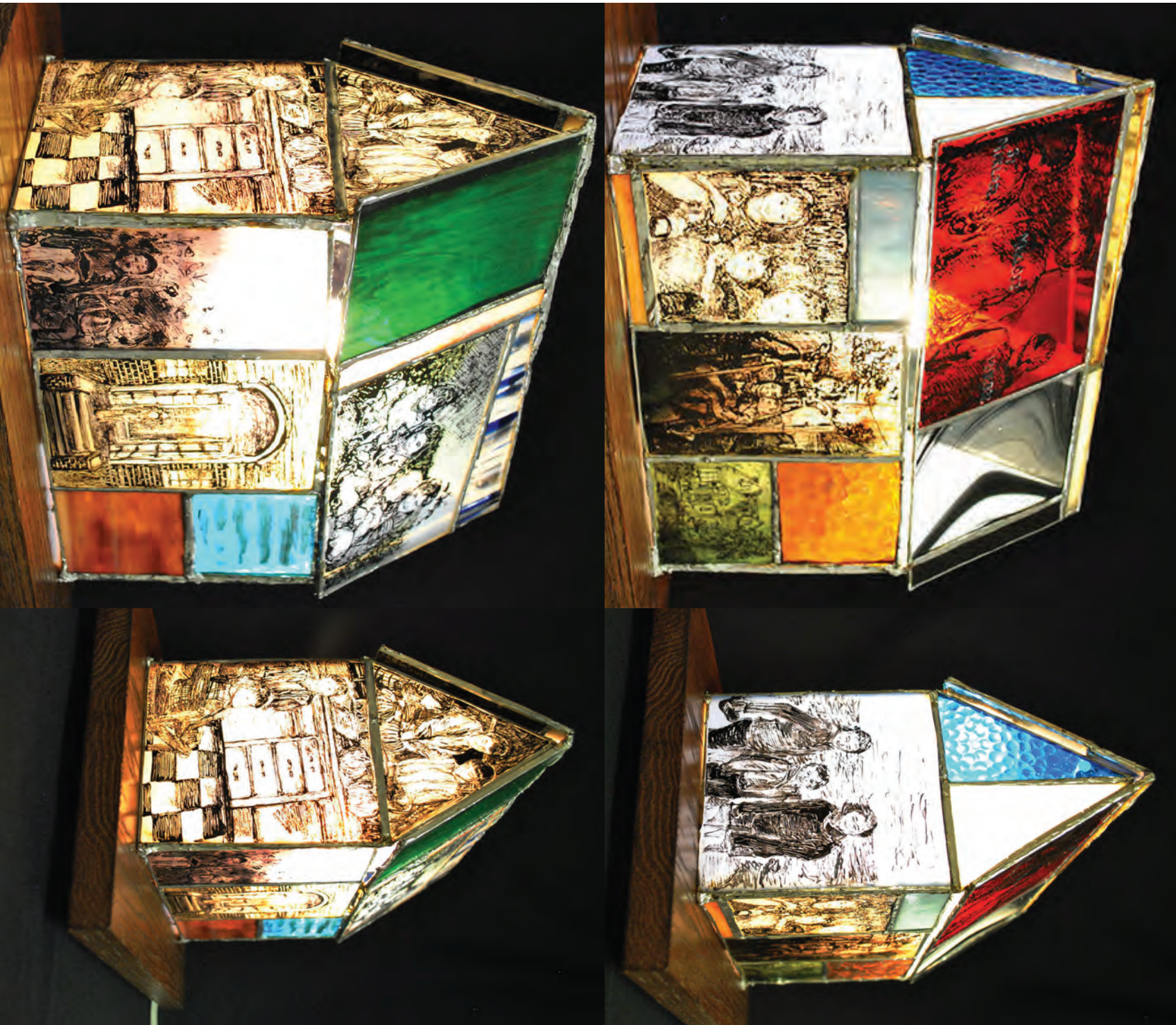
Sometimes I want to take a picture,
capture it in time with the click of a button,
to remember it,
sweet reminiscence,
to live in that moment forever.
Oh blissful ignorance!
I want to hold it warm and close
and never let it go.

Sometimes I want to take that picture,
so perfectly preserved between layers of cardstock,
to yell at it,
tear it from the aging scrapbook,
the dry glue peeling from paper,
to rip it to shreds
burn it over ravenous flames
only to cry over its ruined remains.

Sometimes I want to take that picture
fragile and fragmented, singed on the edges
to glue it together
condemn it to perpetual imperfection,
to return to the time before,
before I realized things had changed.
But that will never happen,
what was is broken.

It is agonizingly painful to see,
to be reminded.
Yet I'd rather have
the searing pain of reminiscence
than to forget all that happened
in this bittersweet picture.

4141 • Glass • Molly Miklosz ‘15





Summer Nights • Digital • Dana Dean ‘17



LILAC DREAMS

Hailey Weller '15

She tilted her chin skyward
drinking in the sun.
It washed over her,
filling her veins
with saccharine syrup that coursed
through her body,
trickling to the tips of her fingers and
ends of her toes.
Languid limbs,
eyelids dripping with fatigue,
she surrendered to the world of dreams
as the heavy air closed in
like a velvety curtain.
Lights pulsated beneath her lids,
but she continued to drift
into an intoxicating world
between reality and oblivion,
where smeared colors of the sunset dance
with deep shades of night,
and vibrant greens mingle with pale purples,
painting pictures too vivid to be purely imagination.
And this is where she dwells,
somewhere amid existence and nothingness,
tapping into the pleasure of these
kaleidoscopic images
and lilac dreams.



Girls • Printmaking • Rachael Larson '16

FLAMING CRAYOLAS

Vivian Drury '15

My mother stared at me in disapproval
as my fully grown fingers cradled the Princess
coloring book,
beaming underneath Target's florescent sterile light.

My reminiscent mind craved play,
the crayons' entertainment on
my journey to selflessness, my mission
to aid unsheltered Navajo skulls.

Her head shook
after I tossed the book into the cart,
a slap of teenage rebellion
smacking against her judgment.

As the sun peaked through the bus windows,
cueing the embarking of our mission
and others' morning moments with God,
I reached for my book and my crayons
to release my inner child.

Yet gripping the canary paper skin,
it began to slip off, its wax growing
slick, melting in my hand and
onto the cartoon face.

The pain sizzled like puberty,
coming too fast, happening too quickly,
forcing of disturbance into my once
calm palms.

So now hunched over the
stained bus bathroom sink, my
hand throbs under a Blues Clues ice pack,
the rainbow mess identical to my
mother's piercing Target look, as if whispering
you're too old for these things.

FILTHY RICH

Annika Murrell '15

Don't shake hands with a rich person; their hands are filthy
with the dollar bills passed from their moisturized palms to the bank teller.
They don't give the teller pressed dollar bills
or copper pennies that shine like Ferrari brights in the dark.

Instead, the rich give them dirty money
from their chain barbecue restaurants
where a man eats a slab of sticky ribs
and pays without wiping his fingers or face.
Or from makeup companies, who soak their bills
in floral perfume and smear with red lipstick.

Their hands are slick
with quarters from little boys who don't wash their hands
after going number one,
and girls who shine their thick nickels
with spit and napkins
and then buy Hershey's bars at the candy store.

The homeless man's nicotine stained fingers
grip money for cigarettes and drugstore sodas.
The cashier at Walmart breaks open a paper roll of quarters;
like a shiny new blunt to give to the crackhead in line.

Some people turn up their noses at the rich
because of the sauce and spit on their hands
scoffing at their bank vaults that carry diseases
and the strange growth of a house they call mansions,
but I can't help but wonder
how clean their cash would be if we didn't dirty it up for them.



See No Evil • Mixed Media • Chloe Wesley '15

THAT CHAIR

Chloe Szot '15

You were always sitting in that stupid chair. It was old and brown and not comfortable anymore, but nonetheless, you sat in it. And – I admit it now – I loved that you sat in your special chair in front of the TV watching Regis and Kelly before Regis got up and left.

You were sick.

You were always sick. In the heart, in the head, or your legs or your stomach. These physical problems that I suppose took over your life and made you more depressed than I was. That's okay though – I admit it now – I still love you for it.

And my food.

You would always ask my about my food. It makes me laugh thinking that I would pull something out of the microwave and you'd scoot over towards me and ask "hey, whatcha got there?" You had already eaten. You didn't need anything else, especially since you were sick already. But – I admit it now – I loved that you were curious.

And dance rehearsals.

On a Saturday morning. You knew that I was there. Well, at least I think you knew that I was there. It's what I do, and you knew that I loved that one thing and one thing only. It was January. You waited. You considerate human being, you. You waited until after Christmas, I know it. Christmas wouldn't be the same if you weren't there, now would it? I admit it now. I loved that you thought about us. I love that you were peaceful in the end.

The phone.

You were always talking on the phone to friends or colleagues or anything in between. You were loud and complex, but – I admit it now – I miss it.

You called us.

We had you spread over your parents' grave. We put you in your forever home, Twin Lakes, so you would finally be without pain. Despite the fact you were no longer around, you called us. I sigh with relief – I admit it now – that you called to tell us you're okay, even though you wouldn't be on the other end.

Faith.

You taught me about faith. You taught me to believe in myself and to believe in others even though you had trouble with faith yourself. Sadly – I admit it now – I took for granted your wisdom.

That chair.

Dad, you were always sitting in that stupid chair.



Hand • Printmaking • Madeline Bernstein ‘15

1 LaSalle Street • Mixed Media • Vassiliki Demakis ‘16



Modern 20s • Metals • Vassiliki Demakis ‘16



Dauntless • Metals • Vassiliki Demakis ‘16



WARM CREPES

for Linney

Caroline Garrow '17

Twenty kroner each
we'd get our snack
skipping
from the Metro
instead of home
cobblestone streets
slick with rain
to the stand
that smelled like warm sugar

Dad ordered
because we were shy
batter smoothed out
on the hot griddle
soft bananas and coconut
melted chocolate on top
rolled up in a cone
warm to the touch
in our little fingers

Walking home
we'd eat
warm crepes
slowly
to savor the taste
banana and cooked batter
even the burnt ends
we'd eat

Down cobblestone streets
you smiling
and me twirling in the rain



Cat • Soft Sculpture • Natalie Krause '16

EVAPORATE

James McMillin '16

I felt a weak grin creep across my face as the flames of the stove silently came to life.
All I could hope for at this point was to get rid of the water in the cold pot. That's what I had promised after all. It seemed like years ago since I had made that vow, but I knew that didn't matter as long as I was inside and safe from the torrent that pounded my house.

The loving flame kissed the grey metal of the pot's surface, and the water began to boil. I would finally be done with it. As the tiny bubbles that seemed to come from nowhere silently broke the surface of the water, I itched to see it all vanish. The bubbles grew steadily more voluptuous, and I danced in celebration. The licks of fire brought something new to the room, something I had never seen. I wept just to be in its glowing presence.

Caught up in the excitement of the evaporation, I failed to notice that my roof was leaking.

Hill of Ambience • Digital • Kyle Leonida '16



SPECIAL THANKS

Mr. Geddeis, the **Board of Education** and the **administration,** without your continual support *Menagerie* would not be able to display the incredible work of students.

Ms. Gutierrez, you're always asking the questions that send us searching in the right directions.

Mr. Maffey, even when we forget, you remind us of our goals and help us fulfill the mission of the magazine.

Mrs. Rohlicek, you are always patient and willing to experiment and to advise us in achieving innovative design.

Mr. Page, we always appreciate having you around, especially when supervising *Menagerie* work on the late days.

Ms. Vicky Gonia, thanks for your pictures of Jack Kunkle (pg. 74).

All Student Submitters, this magazine is above all a reflection of all the time and thought put into your work. Although *Menagerie* isn't for a grade, thank you for your A+ passion and creativity.



Parrots • Mixed Media • Colette Kocek '15

DEDICATION



Jack Kunkle was an enthusiastic participant and supporter of the arts at LTHS. He was a remarkable young man, touching so many others in the community, in the theatre, and in the hallways and classrooms of our school with his many talents. We were deeply saddened by the news of his passing earlier this year, and we are proud and honored to be able to share this piece.

THE COMIC MAN

Jack Kunkle '14

A small stage is lit up in the back room of the bar. In front of it sits rows upon rows of black fold-out chairs, nearly half of which are occupied by the three dozen customers at the bar. Microphone in hand, Jack stands on the stage; he holds a calm demeanor, at the same time holding a conversation with the audience, talking in his normal, patterned speech, the audience responding in laughter and applause. The door opens, a bell rings, warm air rushes outside, replaced with the day's cool breeze. In walks a woman, in her early to mid-30s, sporting a scarlet blouse and jeans. Following her: a little boy, her son, about six or so, trumpets in proudly, his Captain America t-shirt leading the way. The bell rings a second time as the child follows his Mommy. The sign reading *Mickey's Pub* swings outside the door in the autumn breeze.

"Stay right here, honey," the woman insists to her boy, "Mommy will be right back and then we'll go." Her eyes dart over to one of the waiters, "Sonny! Get Mickey in here," she screeched at him, "Now!"

A light catches the boy's eye as he looks toward the stage off in the next side-room of the bar. Seeing his intrigue, the woman nods toward the boy, "You can go ahead and sit down in the back, Mommy needs to find her boss." The child, still a bit hesitant, moves towards the last few rows of chairs, which remain

completely vacant. Looking back, he notices his mother is out of sight, gone to the kitchen to find Mr. Kenny, and he is free to sit down.

Inching his way into the last seat of the last row, the small child listens to the calm, rhythmic voice of the man on the microphone; he knows that what the man is saying is amusing because everyone in the room bursts in laughter, yet he's not really sure why. He watches Jack stride up and down the small, elevated step, notes when he looks out into the crowd, with a look of bewilderment or surprise or delight. He is extremely animated. Shuffling around, the man onstage weaves in and out of his jokes, punching in the lines that really get the crowd going. Floating like a butterfly, he stings with his one-liners. The crowd all watches persistently as he molds the words that come from his mouth, flips them around and makes a joke.

"How 'bout those hedgehogs, am I Right?" He waits out his beat, in order to keep his comedic timing, "Why don't they just share the hedge, right?" Pause. "No, but seriously people, this has nothing to do with that, but I love eating crappy food. Do you know what I'm saying? Fast food: McDonalds, CULVERS." This was a name the small boys recognized, "The BUTTERBURGER, oh people, I tell ya', it is amazing. Butter- yes, delicious, Burger- holy crap, yes, get me one of those. Put the two together, and Welcome to Delicious." The crowd erupts in applause as the man takes a swig from his water bottle and heads off the small stage. "Thank you, my name is Jack Harris, as in BMO Harris Bank and I'm here every Friday night until I get a better job. Thank you,"

Jack hops off stage and heads down the aisles toward where the small Captain America supporter is sitting.

"Hey there, Little guy. What are you doing here?"

"My mommy is here getting a check."

"Oh, your mom works here?"

The boy nods.

"Oh, you must be, uh, Jane's son. Right?"

Again, he nods.



Say Cheese • Digital • Annie Denten '15

"Well it's nice to meet you," the man remarks, extending his hand. "I'm Jack."

"Pilot," squeaks the boy, grabbing Jack's forefinger and middle finger and shaking them. "Hi, Jack."

"Wouldn't wanna say that on a plane."

Pilot looks at him, confused. "Why?"

"Well, because on a plane…"

"No," he interrupts, pointing to the small, makeshift, stage. "Why?"

"Oh, I was talking on stage because I'm what people call a comic."

The boy points to the picture of the patriotic Captain on his shirt.

"No, not like a comic book. Just a comic. I'm supposed to be funny."

"Like Garfield," nods Pilot, sure of his deduction.

"Well, I do hate Mondays, and Italian food isn't bad. Yeah, I guess you can say I'm like Garfield," Jack finishes, giving up trying to explain his job to a little boy.

"Why's funny?" another question from the impeccably inquisitive boy.

"I mean, people tell me it's funny, I don't really know. If I was really all that funny, I would be long gone. I don't think you'll understand, since you're just a kid."

"But, you are happy?"

"I mean I guess you could say so, though I wish I had some money to pay my rent. Are you happy?"

"No, just turbulence."

"What? That doesn't even make sense!" Jack switches his tone, realizing that he is talking to a small child, "what do you mean, turbulence?"

"Well, mommy said we are just in a little turbulence. That's why I'm here. I mean, she's here, I'm here now. Daddy's a 'lowdown sonmobitch' said Mommy, so I stay with Grammy, and Mommy is here." Pilot stops, looks down and then up at Jack with his inquisitive eyes, "Are you turbulence, too?"

"I guess you could say that, Bud."

"It's Pilot."

"Sorry, I guess you could say that, Pilot."

"But, when you're talking," the boy says, pointing again to the stage, "You're happy. Not turbulence."

"When I'm on the stage, I don't have to worry about anything, because it's something I like to do. I pretend to be someone who is confident, and not worried. Someone who I'm not. Just because someone, is… uh, well… turbulence, as you say, doesn't mean that they can't be happy. If I act happy onstage, I can be happy."

"Not turbulence?"

"Not turbulence." He confirms with the kid, whose eager eyes look up at him. "I should probably go now, little guy. I have to get to my next gig." At that, Jack stands up and heads out the room, only to pass Pilot's mother, and comment, "Nice kid you got," before heading out of the bar.

"Were you talking to that man, honey?" she nods towards her son.

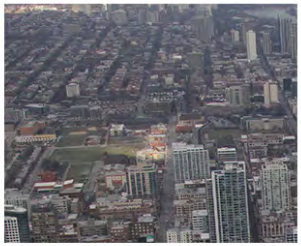
"The comic man? Yes. He doesn't like Mondays."

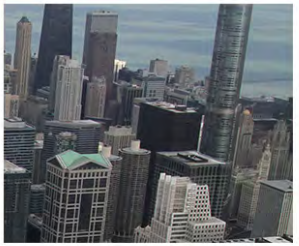
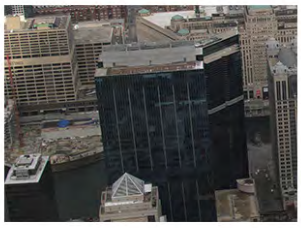
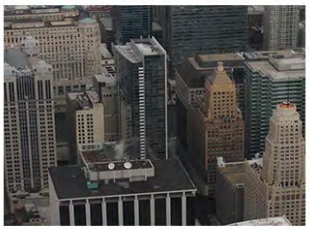
"Alright then, sweetie, Mommy got her check, let's go get some ice cream, okay?"

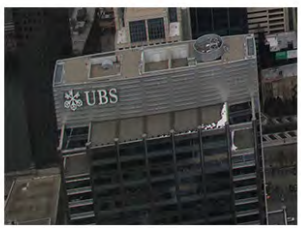
"Okay," agrees the boy. "No turbulence," he adds quietly to himself.

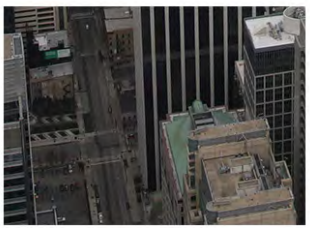
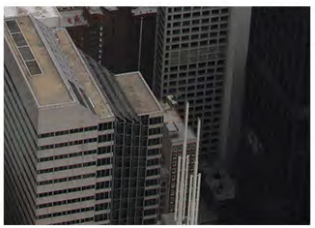
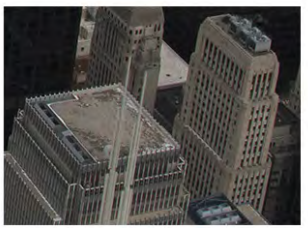


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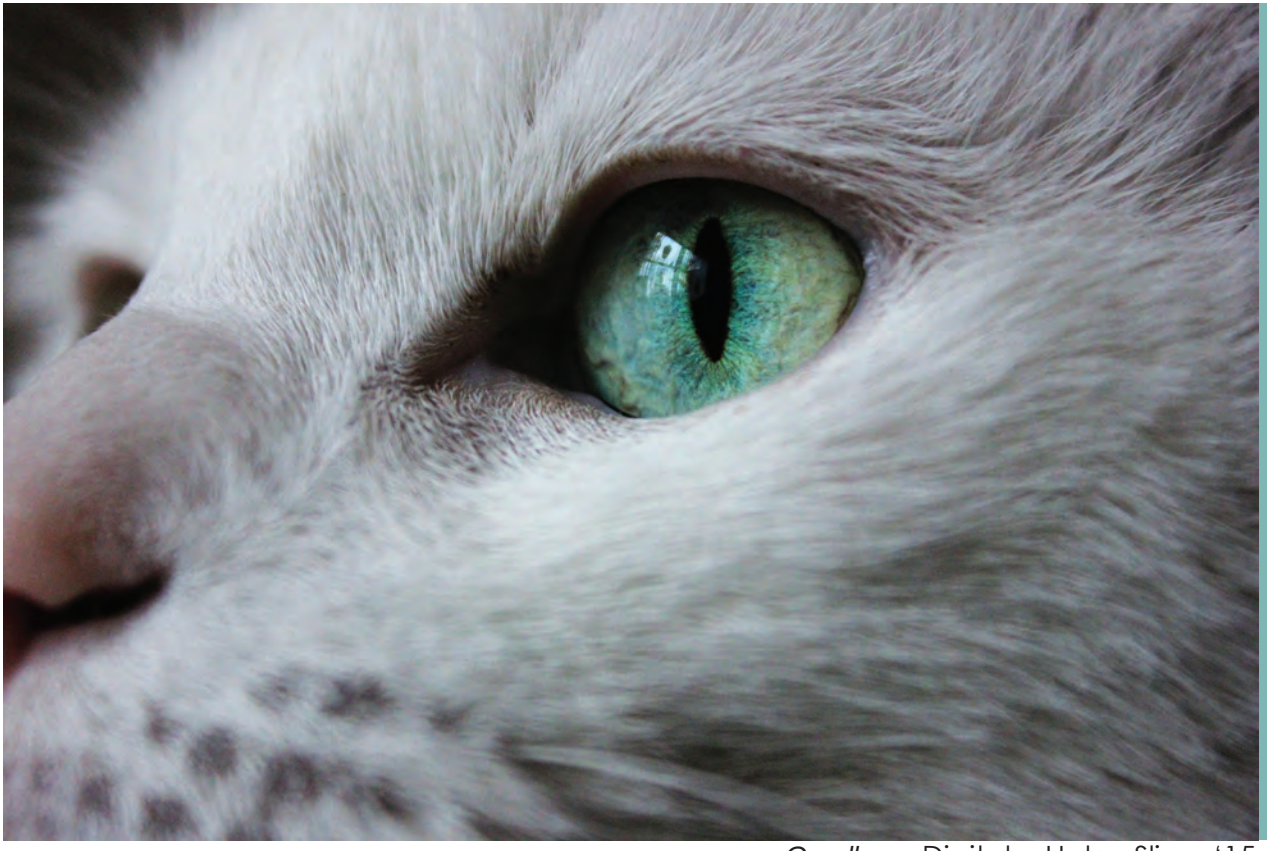
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COLOPHON

Menagerie is the student-run literary and art magazine of Lyons Township High School. Students submit their poems, short stories, plays, and art by January. In February, the poetry, prose, and editorial staffs meet every day after school for three weeks to read, discuss, and evaluate the pieces based on quality of writing, style, originality, emotional accessibility, and subject matter. From the literary staff's short lists, the literary advisors make the final selections and edit those pieces for grammatical and technical errors. In the following month, the art staff meets several days per week to integrate artwork with similarly themed literary pieces. Other exceptional art is selected for individual layouts. The art staff uses the computer program InDesign to create the magazine spreads. Finally, in early April, the editorial staff makes the final edits of the spreads before the finished product is sent to the printer.



Ocellus • Digital • Haley Sliwa '15

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